Switzerland and the World
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THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

WHAT MAKES A MISSIONARY

In encouraging young men to come out as missionaries, do use the greatest caution. One strong-headed, conscientiously obstinate man would ruin us. Humble, quiet, persevering men; men of decent accomplishments and some natural aptitude to acquire a language; men of amiable yielding temper, willing to take the lowest place, to be least of all, and the servant of all; men who enjoy much closet religion, who live near to God and are willing to suffer all things for Christ's sake without being proud of it. These are the men we need.

—Ann Hasseltine Judson (1843).

Published Bi-Monthly by the
AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP
for Christian Oneness and Evangelization, Inc.
15 Philipse Place Yonkers 3, N. Y.

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VOL. XXXIV SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER
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CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

Like A Swarm of Bees

A British officer who has been recently released as a prisoner of war made this statement: "The Chinese soldiers came over the hills like swarms of bees from all directions."

There is another kind of attack that concerns us today. We wrestle not against flesh and blood (see Ephesians 6.12-18), yet victory is promised. "Ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the evil one." Let us sing as we fight, not in our own strength, but in our Lord's mighty Name. "Behold, He cometh!" is the trumpet-call. Press on with the weapons which God has provided. Give the enemy no rest. "Thy Word have I hid in my heart." The prayer of faith upsets the adversary, more than any swarm of bees ever could. Our great Commander will bless our gifts, our prayers and our consecrated lives.

Bible expositors tell us that as the Lord's Return draws near, the evil powers will be let loose in swarms. Thank God, the Holy Spirit will respond to our call; the standard shall be uplifted: "It is finished." We refuse to wrestle with flesh and blood; then devils (in swarms) fear and fly. Two can put ten thousand to flight. The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

1 Approach Road, Dane Park, Margate, England.

Of our late beloved leaders, Dr. Dowkontt and Dr. Simons, Brother Spencer Johnson wrote as follows: "The Trumpets have sounded 'Welcome Home' to two great warriors; great because of their humility, great because of their faithfulness. That very day your message arrived, I had been in prayer for the Fellowship. The Holy Spirit had laid a burden on my heart. God is woking out His purposes. We must watch as well as pray. Who will follow in the train of those faithful servants of our Lord? Who will lay their all upon the altar, and cry out, 'Here am I, Lord, send me'? It is a call to go forward. The time is short. Millions are perishing. The fields are white already to harvest. Do not stifle the still small voice of God! 'Pray, pray, pray,' was the desire of the two messengers we never met, but learned to love. They encouraged a great multitude to live a life of prayer. Go thou and do likewise."

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Switzerland and the World

Young people's gathering for three days of Bible and prayer fellowship, at Moosbad. Brother Stettler is at the extreme right.

Biel-Mett, Switzerland, May 12, 1953.

Very dear Sister Ruth:-

Here things are going on as usual, with daily sending of literature all over the world, meetings, etc. Last week I was called upon to give a message on the Jesuits and their history. I had to do a good deal of research to get all the details.

Yesterday a man left us who used to be our neighbor in Poland. He is a refugee now in Germany,—one of the many who trickle into Switzerland to come and visit us. Quite a number are on the list this summer. We even expect guests from New York and from the Church in Oak Park, Illinois. We are happy in anticipation of their visit. Wonder if you can ever break away? That would be a great day.

Sunday we had our annual conference near Bern. About a year ago I supplied an address to the son of a preacher, who desired to take up some English studies, in England. I was able to refer him to good Christian people, and the young man found Christ, and after his commercial studies entered a Bible school. Sunday he gave his testimony before some six hundred people. I was deeply touched, and many listeners had tears in their eyes, while hearing the testimony of the son and the father. How wonderfully God leads even in the minor things of our lives, the supply of an address. It must be a miracle if the black heathen in Africa find Christ, but here it is a miracle when sons and daughters of preachers get saved and stay saved.

Another interesting and encouraging letter has come to my desk. It is from a Serbian (Yugoslav) in a North German prison, where he is serving as librarian. There he found some of our Christian literature, and was saved. He says: "Why have I not read any of your Gospel tracts before? Today it was as though I were not in prison." Thus the Lord is still at work, though we often need to walk by faith for long stretches, without any visible fruit.

For three days (Pentecost) we shall have a young people's gathering for Bible study and prayer. God has granted us an increase from year to year. The Sermon on the Mount is to be our theme. How we need something of His mind to understand HIM. In HIS light we see THE light.

At present we are preparing an edition of French Gospel tracts and pamphlets. They are to be used in France, Belgium, the Congo, Cameroun, etc., all French-speaking territories. Most of these countries are heathen or strongly Catholic. There is our foremost obligation.

Of late we have been greatly encouraged by several Christian publishing houses. They have placed at our disposal rather large quantities of Gospel literature, which they either have had difficulty in selling, or which have been for some years in their stock-rooms. The value of these grants, if we had to pay for them, would run into many hundreds of dollars. The Lord has on this wise supplied our needs, in spite of the fact that we had to reduce our editions to a fraction of what they were last year.

(June 10, 1953.) Your good letter of May 28th arrived punctually and safely. Thanks for the allowance, the monthly miracle, monthly sacrifice, monthly faithfulness on the part of true Christians.

Here I have been two weeks at the Gospel tent, preaching every evening, and three times on Sunday. I am rather tired, as I worked usually all day at home and then travelled back and forth, some sixty or seventy miles. At home we had friends visiting us from Germany, Poland, etc., refreshing old-time fellowships. We expect some friends in June and July.

From the 23rd to the 25th of May we had a young people's conference, meeting at seven o'clock each morning for prayer. During the day we considered the Sermon on the Mount, and as it was very hot, we actually climbed a peak, and stayed that day on the mount for the Sermon of the Lord. Fifty-one young people had come, and I am sure they have richly profited by the messages and the happy and warm Christian fellowship.

We have again 80,000 to 90,000 Gospel tracts in print, but have this time specialized in French tracts and pamphlets. If the work which the Lord has established must be reduced, we cannot go into debt, and there is no other way but drastically to cut down to the amount placed at our disposal. Whether we are led upward or downward, whether to glory or to the Cross,—His will be done.

Of late a returned brother from southern Italy told how he passed out one of our Gospel pamphlets to someone there, and the man read it immediately. Then a long conversation followed, and as a result, missionaries have been invited to come into a new village where there is no Gospel testimony. Thus a little booklet may open a whole new village in a country where all is either fanatical Roman Catholic or red Communist.

Just now we are having wonderful weather—for snails. It has rained in torrents, and in June we had to light our stoves. Beans, tomatoes and vines were black in the morning, and so many fruits and vegetables too. All human efforts are in vain if HE withholds His good hand upon all our work. This morning I read of the tornadoes around the Great Lakes in the United States. Now I think I must close,—nothing seems to come into my tired brain. For years we have never had a vacation, and when the other preachers go away

for three weeks, I usually supply their pulpits. It is a vacation for me when I can stay home from the many travels and get down to steady work without being pushed or shoved.

(July 14, 1953.) I have been in Gospel tent work for some time, at the foot of a mountain of six to seven thousand feet elevation. As the houses and villages are widely scattered, the people could not come in great numbers, but I have seldom seen so many grateful hearts. About fifty-five children came in the afternoon; instead of an hour, they stayed two hours, and would have listened longer.

Visitors from Argentina have been with us too, bringing us greetings from the many emigrants and believers there. We send considerable literature to that country. Many of those to whom we ministered in Poland are there, and from all we hear, they have good and blessed and large audiences in Argentina.

For years we have prayed for our brethren behind the Iron Curtain. We are not interested in politics, but feel we must pray now more than ever for the work of God among some two hundred million Slavs. God is able to deal with the "Goliaths" of the present era. Our prayer has been and is that once more God may stem the tide of evil, and open the doors that have been closed for years to the Gospel of Christ.

With many thanks to you, and Christian greetings to you and your helpers,

FRED and MARTHA STETTLER.

The Little Apprentice

A Story by
Catherine Ruth Smith
(*Concluding Installment*)

SYNOPSIS: Ben, a bright lad of seven, whose father is dead and whose mother is ailing, has at his own request been apprenticed to a young man who has a carpenter-shop in his village, and who has shown him many kindnesses.

When the birthday came, the carpenter took the boy home with him, where his mother, a beautiful woman with thoughtful dark eyes, spread a table for them with delicious cakes that she herself had made, various kinds of fruit, and all the milk the boy wanted to drink. Ben wore his best tunic, which his mother had carefully washed and mended, and of course he had on his treasured new sandals. In a strange way it seemed as though it was easier to be good when he wore them, easier to walk in the right way. Ben had always been a serious child, and his thoughtfulness was growing upon him in the grave sweet companionship of the young man he had come to love.

It seemed to Ben that the carpenter's mother loved him very dearly, as his own mother loved *him;* but she appeared to be a little shy when in his company. She was very kind to the boy, but did not talk much with him; when she had served them, she retired to the other room, and left those two to keep the birthday feast together. It was an occasion Ben would never forget as long as he lived. As the master broke the cakes and poured out the milk for him, it seemed to the boy that there was so much strength and joy in the food that one who ate of it might live forever.

Afterwards, when he tried to thank the master, the young man put his hand on his head and blessed him. Then he remained looking thoughtfully at the boy.

"You have grown, Benjamin," he said. "You are eight years old today. Soon you will be a man. Tell me, can you read?"

"Ye-es," faltered Ben, "but not very well."

"Can you write?"

The boy shook his head. "Mother thought I was too young to go to school yet, and she wasn't well enough to teach me much herself."

"I will teach you," said the young man. From a chest in the corner he brought out a scroll, and unrolled it, searching until he found the right place. He bade the boy try to read, and Ben, following his pointing finger, slowly spelled out the words: "The Spirit . . . of the Lord . . . is upon me, . . . because . . . he hath anointed me . . . to preach the gospel . . . to the poor." There was more, much more, and Ben followed the pointing finger quite well, and his teacher praised him.

"We will read a little every day," he said. "Soon you will have no trouble at all. Come now and rest a while." He led the boy to a seat under a small grape-arbor at the side of the house. At his invitation Ben sat down beside him. The boy was full, he was very happy, and his world was quiet and still.

"My father was a copyist, you know," said Ben. "Perhaps I shall soon be able to read and write like him. I'd rather be a carpenter, though. Writing looks so very difficult."

"It is not hard," said the young man. "Let me show you."

He bent over and, with his finger, began writing on the ground.

The lessons went on apace, and Ben learned many things besides the actual reading and writing. He learned of the sheep which know their shepherd's voice; he learned of the life that is in the tree and the vine, from the parent trunk to the very smallest leaf and tendril, and the rich fruit itself. He learned of the flowers in the field, which bloom but to die, and the sparrows twittering their short lives away in the dust of the road, and the love that cares for them all.

And the love that surged in the boy's heart for the master-carpenter was beyond belief. He worked early and late to keep the shop in order, and to do and make even more than was required of him. Daily he grew more strong and healthy, more bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked, so that it was a joy to look upon him. And he dared to feel in his boyish, hero-worshipping soul that the carpenter loved him too.

In his search for new ways to please his adored master, the boy tried to make the shop a place not only of order but of beauty. From some discarded boards that the carpenter had given him, he fashioned a crude box which he fastened outside the window, and stained with the brightest left-over paint that he could find. He filled the box with earth; then he made a trip up the hillside beyond the town, and brought back sturdy plants and bright flowers, roots and all, so that they might grow and make the box a thing of beauty. It was springtime now, and the land was filled with blossoms.

But the whole endeavor came near being a failure, for the nails Ben had used to fasten the box under the window were not large enough. When he returned triumphantly from his floral expedition, he found that the weight of the earth he had put in had caused the box to fall. It lay ignominiously on the ground underneath the window. His lovely plan was ruined. Ben cast his wild roses and lilies down in the road, and lifted up his voice and wept.

The carpenter heard him and came outside, and he seemed to know just what was the matter. In his hand he had exactly the kind of nails Ben needed, and a hammer.

"It was a beautiful thought," he said. "With these nails you can make the box secure, and it will last for a long, long time." He lifted the heavy box full of earth quite easily, and held it in place while Ben, at his suggestion, drove the nails in with a little downward slant, so that they would hold better. Then he tactfully went inside again, leaving Ben to complete the planting of his glorious box just as his heart desired. Luckily it had not been damaged in its fall.

The results were even more beautiful than Ben had dared to hope. It was almost dusk when he went into the shop, his heart thudding with happy excitement, and begged the carpenter to come outside for a minute. He came at once, and his surprise and delight at the beautiful effect of the flowers and growing plants were so genuine that the boy's cup of happiness was full to overflowing. Ben carried water for his box, and then they went inside the shop. The flowers seemed to be looking in at them through the window, and nodding their heads in greeting.

"They look so happy," said Ben. "Like a king sitting on his throne."

The carpenter smiled, a pleased smile. "No king in all his glory could look so splendid."

Such was the companionship that had grown up between them, beautiful, strong and free, a thing too perfect for earth, too perfect, indeed, to endure. With the absolute, untroubled faith of childhood, Ben had no thoughts or dreams beyond staying there forever, in the service that he loved. He had no sense of impending change when he went one morning with his mother to the worship service as usual. A neighbor was caring for the baby brother, who had thrived beautifully and was now beginning to walk and talk.

It sometimes happened that members of the community, who wished to read or pray or speak to the assembled people, had free permission to do so. Ben's heart seemed to skip a beat when something happened that had never happened before. As the time for the Scripture-reading came, his beloved master stood up, and took the scroll in his hands. He was wearing a robe that was woven all in one piece; no doubt his mother had made it for him. His face was beautiful, and his voice was like the sound of many waters. Everyone was attentive as he began to read.

The boy knew the passage well, for it was one of the Psalms, and it had been his reading-lesson not long before. He too meant to be very attentive. But the day was hot, and he was a little tired. He had been very busy the day before, delivering a number of small tables to people who had ordered them. He lowered his head and contemplated the toes of his sandals, and presently his eyelids began to droop. A beautiful and dearly loved voice, heard thus formally in a public service of worship, often has a soothing effect; and soon Ben was fast asleep.

He missed the rest of the reading and the speaking, and what was almost more important, he missed the reactions of the townspeople afterwards. He did not know, until his mother told him on the way home, that some of them had not liked the words which the young man spoke. Ben could not understand why, for though he had not heard them, he knew they must have been beautiful. But his mother said some of the people had even threatened that, if he ever tried to speak to them again, they would drag him out of the town and hurl him over the cliff.

Those words brought Ben wide awake with sudden terror. In imagination he saw the beetling brow of the cliff that overhung a precipitous ravine; he saw an angry mob, and the sharp stones down below, and his beloved master lying there, all bruised and broken. He did not let his mother see

him crying, because somehow this was a feeling too deep to be shared, even with his nearest and dearest. But all the day he felt as if something were choking him, so that he could hardly eat or drink.

Early the next morning he went to the shop, which now meant more to him than ever—a tower of refuge against all his fears. Surely his master would realize the wisdom of staying quietly there, fashioning all the wonderful things that he knew so well how to make, training his apprentice, and not trying any more to speak to the people, since they didn't seem to like the idea. But when the carpenter came in, and the boy saw his grave face, his heart grew heavy within him.

There was little said between them until they had their noontide meal together, and sat resting for a while afterwards. Ben's eyes were on the flowers in the box, which he had tended so assiduously. The young man's eyes were on Ben. Because he understood children and loved them, he realized the gravity of the blow he was about to deal the boy. Once, twice, he essayed to speak, and hesitated; he wet his lips, and then at last, very gently, he broke the silence.

"Benjamin," he said, "I am going away."

Ben looked up with startled eyes which in a minute were blurred with tears, so that he did not see the answering tears in the eyes of his master. The boy fought hard for self-control. "Because of yesterday?" he asked.

"What about yesterday?" said the young man.

"Sir, I didn't hear it all myself, for I was tired and fell asleep. I was so ashamed, because I couldn't stay awake one hour with you. Please, sir, forgive me."

The young man put his arm gently around the boy's shoulders. "There is no need of forgiveness," he said. "I know that you love me."

Ben could not answer this, for the words to express such devotion as his do not rise easily to the lips, at eight years old, or at eighty. He merely leaned a little closer. "My mother told me," he said, after a moment. "They threatened you. Is that why you are going away?"

The young man shook his head. "No, it has nothing to do with that. They could not hurt me unless God let them. I am going away, Ben, because God is calling me to other places. I must speak to the people, and tell them about Him."

"But what if they won't listen?" quavered Ben. "What if they are like the people yesterday, who didn't like your words, and wanted to hurt you, perhaps even kill you?"

"Some of them will hear," said the young man. "Some of them will understand. Not all at once, perhaps, but afterwards. And they will tell others. One day the whole world will hear, and that will be what God has planned."

A more sophisticated hearer might have found in these words only the meanderings of an inexperienced youth, eager to set the world on fire. Ben's adoration was shadowed by no such thought. He had watched the carpenter, had worked beside him, day in and day out, and he knew that whatever the young man promised, he would fulfill. He could bend wood and metal to his will. If he said he could shape human beings in the same way, then assuredly he was right.

But the boy's world was here. The plain work-room was beautiful to him, down to the last chisel on the bench, the last nail in the box, the last field-lily outside the window, now beginning to droop a little in the afternoon sun. What would the room be like without the master whom he loved? Certainly Ben could never bear to come there any more. He could never bear to go on learning to be a carpenter. How could he work with any other master?

The boy could not set his will against the young man's, for he had never known him to be wrong about anything in the world. He would not attempt to contradict his master. But Ben was young to learn life's great lesson of renunciation, and his boyish soul was burning with a rebellion that choked and blinded him.

The master, having said what he had to say, would not dwell longer on the subject which had given the boy such pain. A silence fell between them, a silence not of anger, but of love and grief.

In the midst of the stillness, a memory arose in the boy's mind of something his mother had once told him, in a story of the long ago. There were two men named Elijah and Elisha, who were prophets of the Lord; and Elijah was the elder of the two, and was like a father to his young associate. But then Elijah had to go away. And they were walking, and some men met them, and they asked Elisha, "Do you know that the Lord will take your master away from you today?" And he answered, "Yes, I know it; hold your peace." But Elisha had been a grown man. It was different with a boy. A boy could not hold his peace.

In order to be doing something, Ben got up and went outside. He picked the dead leaves from the flowers in the box, and then came in and resumed his place on the bench at the master's side. The sun began to decline a little, and Ben knew, with an awful certainty, that there would not be many more days like this, not many more days when they would sit together, those two, in that sweet intimacy and perfect understanding.

When boys must work off their pent-up emotion, one thing that affords a wonderful release is whittling. These were two boys, one small, one grown, yet with a heart that would never grow old. As if by mutual consent, each took up a bit of soft wood from the floor, each drew out a small knife, and went assiduously to work. They had often sat and whittled thus together, and sometimes they had sung or whistled, but they were silent now, each busy with his own thoughts.

Ben made a little boat, and hollowed out the inside, and shaped the bow and stern with considerable skill. The master had promised to take him on the lake one day, if he could have the use of one of the fishermen's boats,—he had none of his own. They would never go on the lake now. The boy set his jaw firmly, and went on with his carving.

Custom was strong in him, and when he had finished, he turned, as always, to show the work to his master. The young man took the tiny boat in his hands, and praised it gravely. "You must let me keep this, Ben," he said. "When I go down to the lake, I shall ask the fishermen to lend me a boat that will be strong and sturdy, like this one that you have made."

Ben could not speak. Then the carpenter opened his hand, and the boy was filled with wonder to see the thing that he had carved. It was not a boat or a horse or anything like that. It was just a rough-hewn shape of wood, with four protruding arms; Ben had never seen anything like it.

"Sir," he asked, "what is it?"

The young man hesitated for a moment, and then he spoke in a low voice which Ben could hardly hear. "They call it a cross," he said.

"Oh, now I see," said Ben. "I made a cross once myself, like this." He picked up two short sticks, crossed them at the center, then tied them together with a wisp of straw. "This way," he said.

The young man shook his head. "You can't make a cross like that," he said. "It's too easy. You have to hew it out by hand, and cut away every unnecessary thing, if you want to make a real cross."

Ben took the strange little thing that his master had carved, and held it in the palm of his hand. "But what *is* it?" he asked. "What does it mean, this cross?"

There was a pause, and when the carpenter spoke, his voice seemed to come from far away. It was as though he were talking to himself, not to Ben at all.

"What is it?" he asked. "It is at once the newest and the oldest thing in the world. It is the source of life and light, the solace of broken hearts, the stumbling-block of the proud, the consolation of the humble, and the healing of the nations."

The room was very still. The young man's eyes were open wide, and they seemed to be fixed on something in the distance. Through the window there was a view of a far-off hillside which rose in sharp outline against the sky. He seemed to be looking at this, but also looking beyond, as if he saw in imagination every lonely hill that had ever thrust itself against heaven, anywhere in the world.

At last he turned, and taking the boy's hand in his, gently closed Ben's fingers over the bit of carving. "Keep it," he said. "Remember me."

Ben hardly heard the natural human wish, so simply expressed. He clutched the cross in his closed hand and fled, sobbing blindly, down the road.

He put the little carving in a box he had at home, but he did not show it to his mother, or tell her of the conversation he had had with his master. The next day he happened to meet the town elder, and sought further information from him. He drew a cross roughly in the dust, and asked the man what it was.

The elder peered at Ben's drawing. "That?" he said. "Why, surely you must know. That's the Roman instrument of punishment. They execute criminals on it. It's called a cross."

He bustled away down the road, leaving Ben standing motionless, rigid, with a terrible unreasoning premonition that chilled the very depths of his boyish soul.

Seven days later, in the dawn of the early morning, Ben stood waiting at the town-gate. He had hardly slept all night, and when the first faint gray light appeared, he had slipped noiselessly out of the house. It had been his mother, after all, who had gently told him that the master he loved was going away, and had even named the day and the hour. Another mother, whose heart was even more deeply pierced with the anguish of parting, had told her. Ben had hardly been at the carpenter's shop in the meantime, for there was no more work to be done; the tools were put away, the place was waiting for another tenant to take it over, and in Ben's window-box the untended flowers were dying. It didn't matter to the boy. Nothing mattered except that his master was going away. He stood motionless, dry-eyed, tense with grief. Quirinus, who had followed, sat disconsolately beside him, but the boy had no kind word or pat for the dog now. That would come later.

The morning sky was touched with the clearest tints of rose when the Young Man came walking down the road. His face looked haggard and drawn, and about his eyes there were the traces of tears, for the parting from a beloved mother is no light thing, especially when the future is uncertain and the hour of reunion unknown. He had on the seamless robe, and he was wearing sandals, but he had taken nothing for his journey—no staff, no bag, no cloak, no food. But his face lighted with a tired smile when he saw Ben.

Etched deep in the boy's mind, in that moment of farewell, were all the hours of happiness which those two had had together, from the first day

when his Master had given him a drink by the fountain, long ago. He stood up very straight, and spoke the words he had been rehearsing in his mind all through the night.

"Sir, I came to give you this. It is the dearest thing I have, because you made it. I know you meant me to keep it—but I have nothing better to give, and I don't need it myself, because—" the boyish voice wavered and broke, "because I shall not forget. Thank you for everything, sir, and God bless you."

He held out the cross, and the Young Man, without a word, took it. He stood silent for a moment, looking into the depths of those adoring eyes.

"Benjamin," he said at last, in a voice of unearthly beauty, "there was once a carpenter, who wished to build a house. He planned it carefully, and calculated the cost, so that he might be able to finish it. To the building of it he gave all that he had. For many days he toiled, but when the house was completed, it was beautiful within and without, so that all the world said, 'Behold what manner of carpenter this is, who has completed so fair a house.' And they all rejoiced with him. . . . Do you know why I have told you this story, my boy?"

Ben shook his head. Then the Young Man proceeded to his explanation.

"The Master-Carpenter is God, and the house that He builds is a human soul, whether a man's soul, or a boy's soul like yours. On it He lavishes His care, to it He gives the best that He has,—yes, for the sake of it He has even given up that which He treasured most. If we let Him have His way, the house will be beautiful within and without. But the cost is high. There is pain and sacrifice. God must take away all that is unnecessary, even as I cut away the superfluous wood in order to make the cross. Sometimes He takes away that which we love best in all the world."

Ben was weeping now, and yet through his tears he was listening, and he knew that he would never forget those words.

"Do not grieve for me," the beloved Voice went on. "Your heart is filled with sorrow because I am going away. But you will see me again, and then you will be happy, and no one will be able to take your happiness away." He laid his hand tenderly on the boy's head in blessing. "Benjamin, you have served me well. You are mine. You will grow to be a fine man, and there will be work in the world that you can do for me. . . . The God of our fathers bless you, my lad. I give you peace."

Another moment he stood with his fingers resting gently on the boy's dark curly hair. Then, without a word, he turned and walked steadfastly away down the road.

The sun had come up, and its rays seemed to gather about the well-loved figure as the boy watched him go. He walked slowly but unhesitatingly, and he did not once look back. On he went, where the road wound up over the brow of the hill. Then it began to descend the other side, and he was lost to view.

Before Him lay days and nights of wandering, and multitudes of clamorous people waiting to be fed; sick men to be healed, blind eyes to be opened, even the dead to be raised; a little group of followers who would be near and dear to Him; a quiet repast in a secluded room, beneath the light of a swaying lamp; a betrayal, and a trial, and a lifting up on a lonely hill, and the world's redemption.

But the Little Apprentice cried and cried and cried.

THE END

Gathering the Children

Ludwigsburg, Germany, August, 1953.

Dear Prayer-helpers:-

"Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" (Isaiah 53.1.) "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." (Matthew 21.16.)

Here are a question and an answer. When the self-righteous Pharisees would not hear, the Lord pointed to the hope among the children. We utilize every opportunity to reach the children, in spite of difficulties. One of the problems is to find a place where we may gather the children, or may take them out for a Bible camp. The Red Cross and other organizations have all facilities, and can take them out even during the school year. But that is for purely physical recreation. The Roman Catholics do not hesitate to force religious practices on the children, with the result that many do not want to go to such places again, even if otherwise they can run around and play.

We make considerable preparation for the time when we do have the children, to utilize it to the best advantage, to make it a real Bible camp. This year, a number of those we had been preparing have been taken away for a longer period of recreation elsewhere. Yet we have had letters from those who have seen the difference with us, on former occasions, saying that they would rather be with us for the shorter time, than do nothing for a longer time.

To secure a place for such a camp, definite reservations have to be made well in advance. Having lost some of the children, we took others in their place, who were well recommended by Christian friends. But what a difference it proved to be, evidencing the effect of our training the children, and the need of it. This was the largest Bible camp we have had thus far in Germany, twelve boys and twelve girls. Those who had not been connected with our regular classes before, did not realize that our program is quite strenuous. We had Bible lessons in the morning and afternoon, stressing especially the New Testament. To make it more interesting, a sketch of each of the New Testament books was prepared, and after the explanation, these were colored by the children themselves according to a sample, to be all alike. At the end of the camp session, each had his work stitched into a book to take home, to show what he had learned. On former occasions, the children showed such books to their unbelieving neighbors, and those who emigrated took them to various parts of the world.

We also introduced a set of new songs, which were much enjoyed at the camp. These the children took home, to be a blessing there also. As an additional character training, we had lessons on the two natures in man, represented by "Ipse," the old self, and the "New-man," shown by flannelgraph pictures, and illustrated by incidents from the lives of Bible characters. Of course, there was also time for recreation, games, and occasionally swimming, in which some of the larger ones made real progress. Various games were introduced, as there is a lack of concerted playing among them.

After supper, till bedtime, instructive stories were read, translated from the English. These were much enjoyed. Some of the boys began to imitate the characters, each taking a name, as if playing that part in the story. This showed that the incidents appealed to their imagination. Of course we had devotions in the sleeping-quarters, endeavoring to get the children who were new to us, to learn to pray from the heart, instead of mechanically repeating memorized sayings. Some responded nicely, giving hope that they will continue to do so at home also.

The manager of the home doubted, in the beginning, if we would be able to succeed with the mixed group of youngsters, judging from his previous experience with others. But as time went on, he was convinced that there was a different spirit in this enterprise. Also the neighbors across the street loved to listen to the singing, and the children of the neighborhood watched our exercises. We also had several visitors in the regular classes, who were quite taken up with this style of work, it being new to them. Some were from the neighborhood, but as this was a "Youth Hostel," there were some passing through daily. If no direct conversation was possible, they were given tracts.

A girl University student was there with her grandmother for the summer. Her father had been an engineer in India, so she knew some English, and read some of our English books as well as a number in German. In several talks good testimony was given her, and we hope it will be carried on by correspondence. Though she is an Evangelical, she attends a nunnery-school, claiming that is the best in her vicinity. They even have an Evangelical deaconess for religious instruction; but the results were rather meagre, as seen in contacts with that student.

Also a young Italian lawyer stopped there for a couple of days. Noticing his difficulty with the German tract that had been given him, I asked about his native tongue, and he was pleased to see I could meet him with the Spanish, till I found he also spoke some English. Of course he was a Roman Catholic, and would have debated on religious questions. I showed him that this was unprofitable, and advised him rather to concentrate on the Word of God. He promised to read it on his return to Rome, and to write me. May the Lord bless the effort made with him.

We spent only one Sunday in the camp, not wishing to lose more time from our regular services. I gave a message on the rich young ruler, which was made plain to the young hearts and minds. Evidently it made some impression, as a twelve-year-old girl, who had been converted at a former camp, said that she enjoyed that message the best of all in the camp. Some relatives of the children spent a part of that Sunday with us, and gave us the invitation to come to their camp for more regular services. We had children from five different refugee camps there. Thanks be to the Lord, a number of children accepted Him as their Saviour during the second week, among them two sisters, twelve and fourteen years of age.

All did not go as we had hoped, however. Some of the boys were too young for such a schedule, and we found it best to send four of them home, after the first week. After they left, general improvement was noted. Another cause of disturbance in the camp was the misbehavior of two of our regular Sunday School children, a boy and his sister. They had professed conversion last winter, and at the short camp session at Easter they gave good evidence of a changed life. Thus the disappointment was so much greater, as even the children who did not profess salvation noticed that the two were worse than they were themselves.

One evening two smaller girls wanted to speak with Mrs. Lukesh about salvation. After confessing and accepting Christ as Saviour, they were not sure if they could remain true, as Irene, the girl mentioned above, also asked forgiveness, but was disobedient again. This Irene even stole some money and various articles, and though she restored it and confessed her wrong, still harbored something in her heart. Later it was found that she had stolen also before coming to the camp. Her mother tries to lead her upward, but the life of the refugee camp spoils her too much. Please pray for these children, that they be not ruined altogether. May the Lord reward your faithful standing by us in prayer and help. In the Master's glad service, yours,

CHARLES and EDNA LUKESH.

Among Our Friends

BORN to Edmond and Ruth Bieri-Stettler, at St. Imier, Switzerland, on September 8th, a daughter, MIRIAM ELISABETH, the first grandchild of our beloved missionaries, Fred and Martha Stettler.

MAY WE REPEAT, for those who may not have seen it at the time, the announcement made in our July-August number: Because of the great increase in parcel post rates, the American-European Fellowship is not accepting any more clothing for shipment abroad.

Our lifetime friends, REV. and MRS. I. V. NEPRASH, have been sending packages of clothing to needy Slavic Christian families in the various countries of Europe for many years. Through Pastor Goetze and other Christian leaders they have been able to help large numbers of refugees. They publish a magazine, THE LINK. Their work, like ours, is interdenominational, and they are not officially connected with any other organization. They have graciously indicated their willingness to receive, for shipment abroad, any clothing that our interested readers may care to send them. We commend to your prayerful interest the ministry of these devoted friends, who in the past cooperated largely with Paster O. R. Palmer, Pastor Herbert Hogg, Rev. and Mrs. Norman J. Smith, and other leaders of the Fellowship. Their address is as follows: RUSSIAN MISSIONARY SERVICE, 6225 Morton Street, Philadelphia 44, Pa.

Readers will share our joy that our long-time friends of the AMERICAN PRESS now have an attractive new home. Their announcement is so delightful that it must be reprinted here: "A MOVING STORY: While you were not looking, we did a whale of a job, moving our plant, our stock, everything except the old junk, to our new, beautiful location at 112-114 Charlton Street (corner of Greenwich Street). You ought to see our new place. When you do, you will realize that now we can give you much, much better service than ever before." We congratulate them and wish them every success and blessing.

The AMERICAN PROPHETIC LEAGUE, Inc., Eagle Rock Station, Los Angeles 41, California, publishes a fine chart entitled "The Spirit of Truth and the Spirit of Error" which is of timely interest and value. Parallel columns list the main teachings of the Bible, of Christian Science, Spiritualism, Jehovah's Witnesses, Theosophy, Mormonism, Unity, and modern theology. The enormity of these heresies is beyond belief. They might not have seemed out of place in the early ages, before the coming of Christ, but it is shocking to realize how many people are deluded by them in this dispensation of grace. "The times of ignorance therefore God overlooked; but now he commandeth men that they should all repent" (Acts 17.30). These charts may be obtained from the address given above, at five cents apiece: quantity prices on application.

Another long-time friend, REV. STEPHEN L. TESTA, continues his efforts to bring the Gospel to Italy, and to Italian-speaking people in this country, through his "MESSENGERS OF CHRIST" LEAGUE. Brother Testa publishes a leaflet in Italian or English, very beautifully arranged, entitled "A Message from Jesus Christ to You." It is made up largely of selected words of Jesus, from the Gospels, printed without comment. He writes: "The tract is in the form of a Letter addressed to the individual reader, for the Italian Catholics would not even touch a Bible or Testament, but will accept and read a Letter." One dollar provides for fifty of these tracts delivered in Italy, enough to evangelize fifty individuals or families. As you know, the Fellowship itself does not work in Italy, but interested readers may wish to send their gifts to Brother Testa at 5166 Ruthelen Street, Los Angeles 62, California.

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS, Aug.-Sept., 1953

(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts. Contributions to the Fellowship are deductible from Federal income tax returns.)

36777--$10.00	36799--$20.00	36821--$15.00	36843---$5.00
36778----3.00	36800----5.00	36822----2.00	36844---75.00
36779---10.00	36801---20.00	36823----2.00	36845---50.00
36780---25.00	36802----2.00	36824----1.00	36846--100.00
36781---50.00	36803----1.00	36825---50.00	36847----2.00
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36790----1.00	36812---35.00	36834---10.00	36856---20.00
36791---50.00	36813---20.00	36835----5.00	36857----3.00
36792----2.00	36814----3.00	36836-----.50	36858----2.00
36793---10.00	36815----1.00	36837---35.00	36859----2.00
36794----3.00	36816----2.00	36838---65.00	36860---10.00
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36796---60.00	36818---20.00	36840---10.00	36862---25.00
36797---10.00	36819----3.00	36841----5.00	36863----1.00
36798---10.00	36820----1.00	36842----2.00	36864----7.50

The AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY has just issued the following tracts: A Thanksgiving Day Message; The Caliph and the Cat; God Made Me a Movie Star; Why Look at the Jews? From Here to Eternity. Also a special series for Christmas and the New Year; A King is Crowned, by our own Assistant Treasurer, Dr. David J. Fant; The Deity of Jesus Christ and His Virgin Birth; O Come, Let Us Adore Him; Christmas; The Christmas Candles; Babes and Battles; Happy New Year; One Year To Live; The Fleeting Years. All are attractively printed, with illustrated or colored covers; many are suitable for enclosure with Christmas cards or gifts. Sample copies may be secured by writing direct to the American Tract Society, 21 West 46th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Under persecution in Roman Catholic SPAIN, many thousands of Spaniards have fled to southern France, where they are living under most difficult circumstances. Pastor H. Robinson is seeking to win them for Christ. Owing to crop failures their material need is extreme. Gifts received for this cause will be promptly forwarded. This work was first called to our attention by Dr. R. H. Borkent, of the Netherlands Gospel Center, at The Hague, Holland.

The Portuguese publication (in English), LINES OF COMMUNICATION, edited by Arthur G. Ingleby, describes the needs not only in Portugal itself, but also in France, Italy, Spain, China, and among German refugees. Of special interest to our readers is the devoted ministry of preaching, printing and disseminating gospel literature, conducted by REV. GUIDO WALDEMAR OLIVEIRA, in Lisbon, Portugal. Contributions for his work may be sent direct to the home office of the American-European Fellowship.